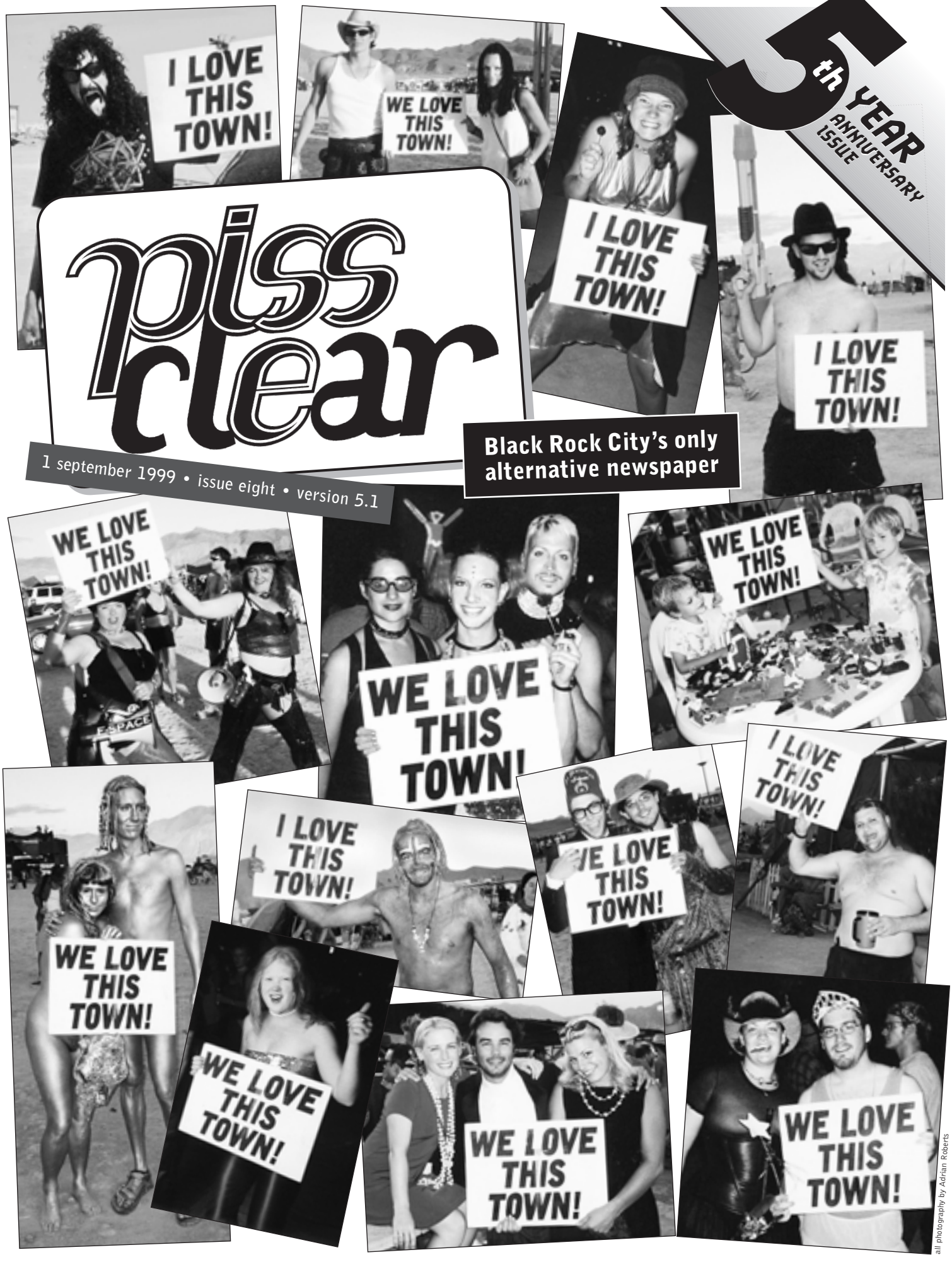
5th YEAR ANNIVERSARY ISSUE
piss clear
Black Rock City's only alternative newspaper
1 september 1999 • issue eight • version 5.1
I LOVE THIS TOWN!
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all photography by Adrian Roberts

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Piss Clear

wednesday
1 september 1999
issue eight
version 5.1

4:00 and Venus,
Black Rock City,
Nevada

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Adrian Roberts

adrian's rant

Five years. Hard to believe, huh? I know I can't. But somehow, *Piss Clear* has not only survived on the playa, we've thrived! And in the process, we've become a fixture here at Burning Man, attracting national advertisers, and confusing the local populace over which Black Rock City newspaper is the "official" one.

Well, rest assured, there is nothing "official" about *Piss Clear*. As Black Rock City's *only* alternative press, we're proud to say that we have never worked for "the Man." So stop asking us questions about the so-called "official" goings-on of Burning Man! Because we haven't got a clue. All we can offer is the sassy, snarky perspective of our rabble-rousing selves, plus the seven years of experiences we've had in attending this here "arts festival." I mean, really, what more could you want?

What's that? You want the sort of tips and tricks that they don't print in the Survival Guide? You want a totally unbiased report on what's going on in Black Rock City, without having to deal with the Burning Man propaganda machine? Well, consider us Black Rock City's "reality check." The backlash starts here! Hell, that's what we're here for!

Why are we called *Piss Clear?*

When I first started *Piss Clear* back in 1995, it was originally meant to be a sort of irreverent survival guide to Burning Man. And with a ridiculous name like *Piss Clear,* we *had* to be irreverent! After all, our number one survival tip for Burning Man has been, and always will be: drink enough water so that you piss clear.

Little did I know at the time that the word "piss" was one of the "seven deadly words" that can't be said on television — which must be why our humble newspaper never gets mentioned by the media, while our vastly-inferior competitor, the propaganda-fueled *Black Rock Gazette,* gets all the glory. But that's okay. It just gives us more "indie cred" points, and reinforces our lofty status as a *truly* alternative newspaper.

Oh, come on, who am I kidding? Okay, so maybe I *am* a little bitter about not getting any media attention — especially since we're all such media whores. But hey, I'm not about to change the name, because let's face it: while you're here in Black Rock City, it's really important that you all piss clear.

One can't survive on water alone

Of course, we have a lot more to say than simply telling you to drink a lot of water, and with this particular issue, I'm proud to say that we're getting back to our 'irreverent survival guide' roots. These pages are chock full of survival tips. Okay, so many of them are fashion and tips, but hey, the "official" Burning Man Survival Guide barely covers the topic!

So we've taken it upon ourselves to pick up the slack. Helping out in the beauty department this year is one of my favorite underground comix artists, Molly Kiely! We've also got our own fashion consultant this year, the fabulous Andrew Smith, who shares some of his infamous "Celebrity Fashion Tips."

Find *Piss Clear* at M*A*S*Hcara

Marc Geller

Of course, it's not *just* about fashion and beauty — it's about sex, too. And where would *Piss Clear* be without our infamous sex advice for the playa, courtesy of award-winning sex columnist, Dan Bitter, who I'm happy to report is *even* more of an asshole this year. Lois Layne relates what he learned at Burning Man last year, and of course, we still have many of your favorite regular features, including the ever-popular *What's Out/What's In* list.

What? No rants?

Well, that's not completely true. We've got a few rants here and there. But, as you can probably tell by our cover, we're actually in a really good mood this year. We love this town!

Yes, we're glad to be back in Black Rock City. And I'm very thankful to be working with such a fab team of writers this year, who have made my life as an editor *that* much easier. I had my work cut out for me — which was a damn good thing because, to tell you the truth, for the past 51 weeks, I haven't really thought much about Burning Man.

Yup, this year was *all about* being low-maintenance. I did almost no prep work for this year's trek out to the playa, save for publishing this here newspaper. Hell, I didn't even start packing until Sunday night. You see, while everyone else was busy putting together their fabulous outfits, planning their spectacular theme camps, and creating their cool art installations, I was busy trying to be a rock star with my band, Blue Period.

Shameless self-promotion

Blue Period

So instead of writing and preparing potential stories for *Piss Clear,* I was instead locked away in a recording studio, laying down vocal tracks for Blue Period's upcoming second album, *Nightlife Casualties,* which will be released on the San Francisco indie label, League of Bureaucracy, in October. If you like glamorous, kick-ass glitz rock, and you live in the Bay Area, then you should come see Blue Period.

And if you like glamorous, kick-ass glitz editors of alternative newspapers, then stop by the *Piss Clear* offices at 4:00 and Venus and say hi. We're the big, 30-foot RV with the big (duh!) *Piss Clear* logo on both sides. We're part of M*A*S*Hcara this year, so who knows, you might even be able to get an emergency make-over as well! Grab a *Piss Clear* sticker before they're all gone, and be on the lookout for our next issue, scheduled to come out this Friday. I promise we'll be a bit more snarky by then.

Things they don't tell you

The Burning Man Survival Guide tells you a lot, but it doesn't tell you *everything*. That's why we're here to help. The following are a random assortment of survival tips and tricks we've picked up in our many collective years of coming to Black Rock City — the things the official Burning Man Survival Guide neglects to mention.

survival tips

Leave your guilt at the gate.

Drink lots of water. *Duh!* In fact, never go anywhere without it! Drink enough water so that you *piss clear!*

And don't forget to eat on occasion.

But don't bother trying to cook "real" meals. It is far too much work. Stick with water, Power Bars™, beer, Fun Dip™, water, veggie beef jerky, champagne, Pringles, water, veggie lunch meats with bread and cheese, and Kool Aid. (Note: If you eat real meat, you can substitute the veggie beef jerky and veggie lunch meats with animal flesh-processed food.)

Although dehydration can be a hallucinogen, you're much better off just dropping some acid or eating some mushrooms.

Adrian Roberts

◀ Don't be an asshole and burn down other people's theme camps or art installations on the last night — such as this *Piss Clear* newspaper box that got burnt to a crisp by a bunch of vandals in Central Camp back in '96.

"Sunscreen before morning caffeine" is our motto. When you wake up for the day, take off all your clothes and slather at least SPF 30 sunscreen all over your body. Get dressed — or *don't* — *then* have your cup o' caffeine.

If you're thinking about having sex on the playa, here are a few things to remember: Sunscreen tastes nasty. Playa mud tastes *really* nasty. And voyeurism is not spectating if it gets you off.

Never underestimate the value of shade. Remember, the sun is your enemy!

Safety pin all your costumes and random bits of fabric together, for an extra shade structure that's both colorful and utilitarian. ▶

Marc Geller

When riding a bike, keep in mind not all costumes are bike-friendly.

Be sure to lock your bike up whereever you go, *especially* on Saturday and Sunday, when most bike thefts occur. Black Rock City ain't no utopia anymore, and there were a rash of bicycle thefts toward the end of the festival last year. If you've got a nice bike, be especially wary.

Bring your own toilet paper. You forgot? Then borrow or barter for some.

Cheap beer does not substitute for water. Keep on drinking that H^2O, even at night, when it cools down.

Bring a chainsaw, so that at 5:30 a.m., you can finally saw those damn drums in half when the drum circle guys finally pass out.

If the chainsaw massacre is not exactly your cup of tea, turn the drums upside down, fill them with playa dust, and put fake flowers in them. Voila! A nice and *quiet* theme camp home furnishing item.

Don't believe everything you hear on the playa, but believe everything you want to believe.

— compiled by Dennis Hinkamp, Erica Candy Kane, Playa Kitten, Penfold, and Adrian Roberts

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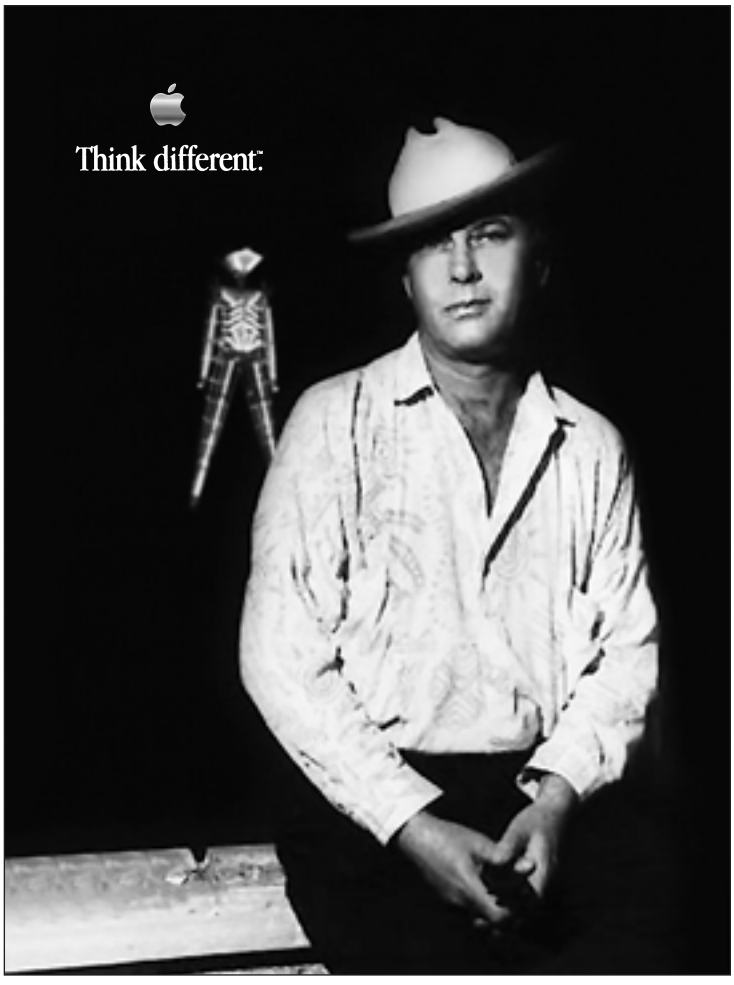
Sunblock contains the same chemical compounds as intestinal mucus.
THE PLAYA IS HARSH.
SAUZA "CONMEMORATIVO." THE SMOOTHER, OAK-AGED TEQUILA.



Getting Back To Our Roots

by S. KEITH

last rant

Burning Man, I'm sad to say, has gone to the dogs.

When I first started coming here, it was a lark. Fun. Carefree. It was a cheap vacation in an eclectic environment. Now, those days are sadly gone. The unique campsite and the colorful automobile have been replaced by the Live/Work CamperShell™, the tool of choice for displacing our neighborhoods and gentrifying the landscape.

There was a time when you knew all your neighbors. Now, it just feels like we all just put up walls to protect our own turf. What happened to the love? What happened to the freedom? What happened to the spirit of chance and intrigue?

Well, I'll tell you. It's all those carpetbaggers from Seattle and Portland and San Jose and San Diego, spending their stock options on decked-out blowfish dwellings. I, as a good recycler, activist, and former North Face customer, who pays the bills as a copy editor for a coffee-table book company, am profoundly insulted and angered by the flatulence, snobbishness, and arrogance of these royal, pain-in-the-ass pricks.

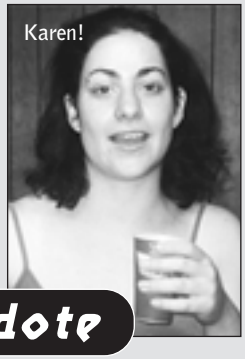
I believe we need to return to our roots so the *right* people make the *right* energy here at Burning Man. Perhaps people should be screened and interviewed before they're allowed to attend. I don't know.

What I *do* know is that we're now at a crossroads — one road leads back to the utopia we lost (perhaps the 12-mile entrance, not the 4?), while the other leads to a place that looks no different from anything else in suburban America.

Piss Clear Or Die!

by ADRIAN ROBERTS

anecdote



Adrian Roberts

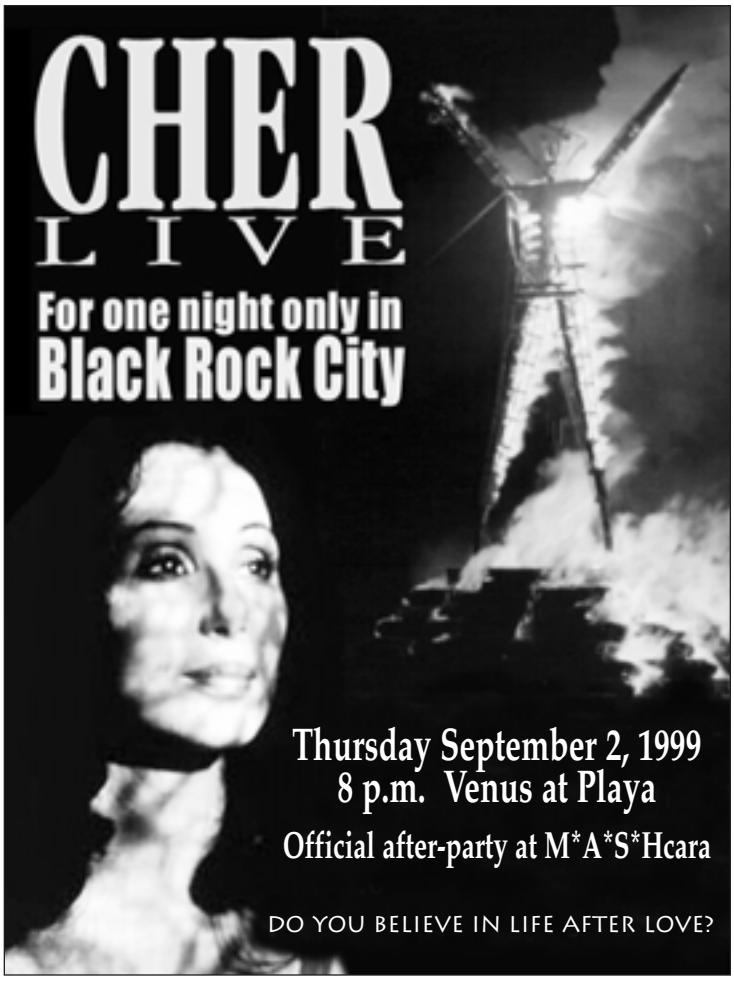
We cannot stress enough just how important it is to drink enough water so that you *piss clear.* I mean, it's the title of this damn newspaper for a reason!

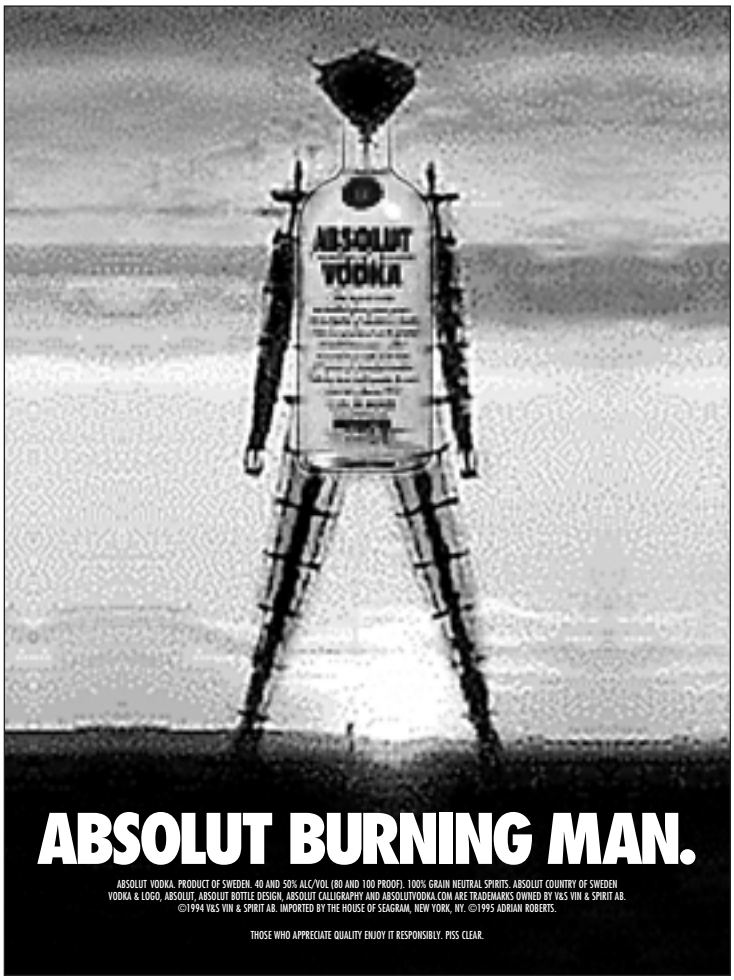
I'm sad to say though, despite the best of intentions, sometimes even those of us here at the *Piss Clear* offices are prone to royally fuck up. Take last year, for instance, when our spunky campmate, Karen, apparently did not take the title of this publication to heart. Although she *said* she was drinking enough water, little sips here and there simply don't cut it out here on the playa. By our second night, she was vomiting into a plastic bag (Leave No Trace!) and we eventually had to take her to the medical station. What a fucking buzzkill.

Okay, so she was a bit of a clueless newbie, but *still!* She was camped with *Piss Clear,* for fuck's sake! Hello? I felt like such the exasperated mother, having to drag my mushroom-tripping ass down to Central Camp to retrieve her from the medics. "Sorry, Mom," she said when she saw me, as she sat there with an IV drip in her arm, looking as pale as a ghost. She needed four, count 'em, four IV packs pumped into her before she was able to start feeling normal again. Just for some perspective, they usually send you away on a Medevac after three. She got lucky.

After she assured me that she was starting to feel fine, I began worrying about our esteemed newspaper's reputation, given our name and all. "You didn't tell them you were with *Piss Clear,* did you?" I asked. "No," she said. "I told them I was camped in Disturbia. They said, 'That figures.'"

Anyway, let this little anecdote be a lesson to you all: Drink enough damn water so that you always *piss clear!*

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